

Fair Sunday. Monday
fair, warmer. Light
winds.

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THROWS ACID PHIAL; WOMAN BURNS TWO

James T. Allen and Little
Girl Are Hurt by
Liquid.

TRIES TO DODGE;
HE EXPOSES GIRL

Mrs. Mary Ray Admits Charge.
Climax of Series of Lively
Quarrels.

Screaming at the top of her voice that she avenged a wrong, Mrs. Mary Ray, of 2801 Sherman place northwest, an employee of the Department of Commerce and Labor, last evening about 6:30 o'clock chased James T. Allen, an examiner at the Pension Bureau, through the streets, and, as he was about to board a car, hurled two ounces of carbolic acid at his face, burning him badly, and terribly burning Effie Knott, a fourteen-year-old girl, who was standing near by.

The woman's action was as quick as lightning, and before the little girl and the man realized that the burning acid was eating into their flesh the woman had fled.

Child Feels Acid.

The little girl and Mr. Allen by chance boarded the same car. It had gone but a block when the child felt the burning sensation and began to cry. Mrs. John Smalley, head of the American Salvation Army in Washington, who is a trained nurse, smelled the acid, and rushed the child to the Emergency Hospital, where physicians worked quickly to save the little girl from being scarred for life. The entire left side of her face, her arms, and her neck were livid. When Dr. Macley announced at last that he thought she was out of danger she was taken to her home on Canal road, near Chain bridge.

Held in \$500 Bail.

Mrs. Ray, who claims Allen is her half-brother, was arrested by police on R. L. Carroll, of Precinct No. 10, and in default of \$500 bail, was sent to the House of Detention. She declared that Allen had been drunk, threw crockery at her, and drove her to such a state of desperation that she was unable to control her actions.

Bitten on His Cheek.

Allen could not be located by the police, but he showed up at the office of Dr. Ernest G. Sellhausen, 400 G street northwest, late last night with his left cheek bitten almost through and the other badly burned with carbolic acid. Neighbors say that Allen and Mrs. Ray have been having frequent quarrels recently. It was not unusual, they say, to hear the couple shouting at each other. A few doors away, at 2809 Sherman avenue, lives Allen's daughter, Mrs. May A. Mueller, who declares that she is not aware that Mrs. Ray is a half-sister to her father.

Allen and Mrs. Ray were quarreling all evening, say the police, and it ended by an exchange of chinaware, vases, and bric-a-brac. The bolts made in Allen's cheek supposedly by Mrs. Ray's teeth would also seem to indicate that at times the controversy was more proximate. Allen grabbed up his hat and started toward the corner of Girard and Eleventh streets to take a car. Mrs. Ray started after him, picking up the two-ounce bottle of carbolic acid on the way out.

Allen Dodges Bottle.

Allen started to board a downtown car. The little Knott girl was close by and had just put one foot on the running board when the Ray woman ran up and hurled the acid full at Allen's face. He dodged slightly, saving himself from a terrible burning, but as he dodged, he exposed the little girl, who received the contents of the bottle of burning acid on her neck.

Fumes Fill Street Car.

After Allen and the child had gotten on the car, she began to cry, and the fumes of carbolic acid began to fill the car. Mrs. Smalley noticed the child sobbing and, removing the child's hands from her face, discovered that the flesh was all burned. She took the child from the car to a drug store, where a soothing lotion was applied.

Mrs. Smalley is the wife of Major Smalley, commander of the American Salvation Army, and it is due to her prompt action, said Dr. Macley, that the little Knott girl will not go through life with the scars of the terrible burns.

Woman Fails to Get Bail.

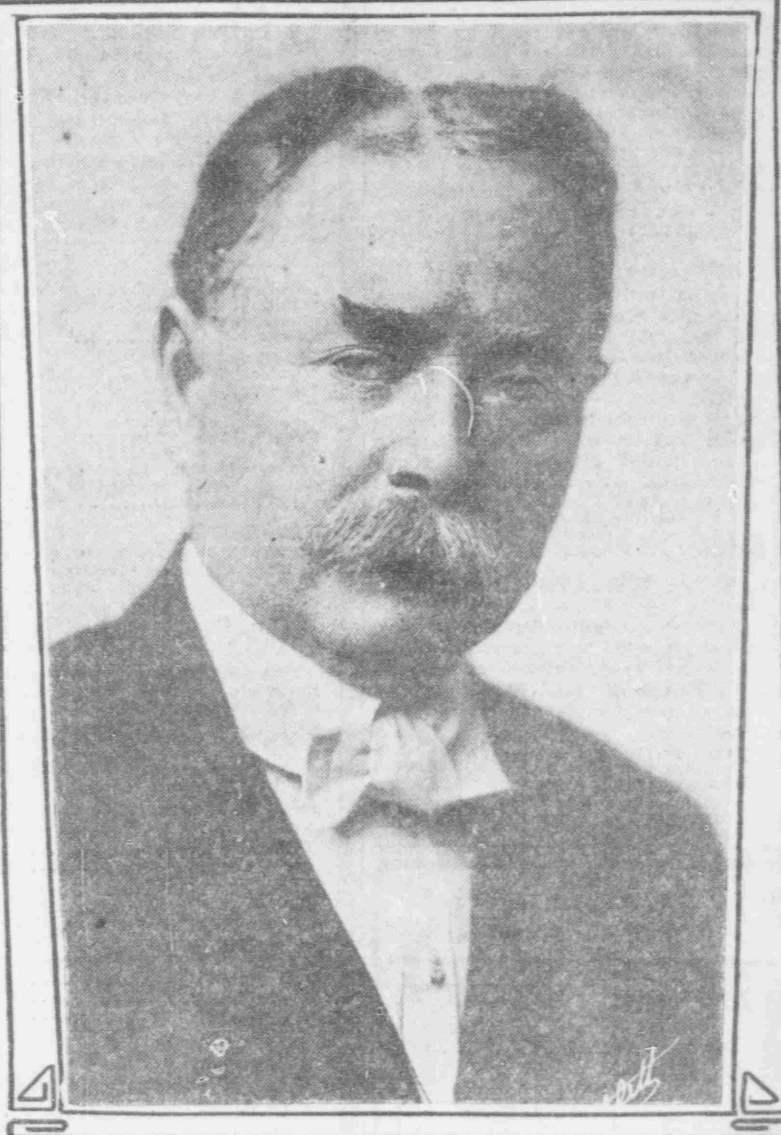
Mrs. Ray made a vain endeavor to obtain bail before she was taken to the House of Detention last evening. An uncle, a Mr. Walworth, was summoned, but could not satisfy the police that he was possessed of sufficient property. At the precinct station she seemed undisturbed. At times she laughed about the affair, and said she wished Allen had gotten the portion of the acid that the little girl had received.

"He worked me to it," she exclaimed every two minutes. "He worked me to it."

"That man has gotten on my nerve until I am not able to control myself,"

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LEADS BRYAN'S FIGHT



NORMAN E. MACK,
Of Buffalo, N. Y., Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

BRYAN TO ANSWER SPEECH BY TAFT

Nebraskan's Address Finished—Bid for Labor and
Hearst Votes.

LINCOLN, Aug. 1.—Although W. J. Bryan tonight refused to give out any information regarding his acceptance speech, it is known that the first draft is complete and the document will be given to the printers not later than Monday night. Mr. Bryan said to a Times correspondent tonight that no work would be done by the printers on the speech over Sunday. That Mr. Bryan will draw a comparison between the platform adopted by the Chicago convention and that promulgated in the speech of acceptance of Mr. Taft is not doubted, and he will ask the voters to support the Democratic ticket because his party has one platform only, while the Republicans have two, one made by the party convention, and one made by the candidate.

Mr. Bryan for this reason will not attempt to put anything new into his own platform. He will also point out that the speech of Mr. Taft ratifies some of the principal planks of the Bryan platform, although, to his mind, in a weak manner.

The Bryan speech of acceptance will make a decided bid for the labor vote and will be silent as to the negro question. It will declare that the Democratic party is in favor of the remedies demanded by wage workers and that these remedies can only be effected by Democratic victory.

Will Bid for Hearst Vote.

In this connection, the speech will present arguments as to why the laboring men should not vote with the independence party, for, if reforms demanded by this third party are nearly the same as those promised by the Democratic platform. The demand for the trial of cases of indirect contempt will be accentuated.

On the question of publicity, the Democratic candidate will point out the manner in which such a plank was voted down at Chicago after W. H. Taft had been committed to it. He will enlarge on the resolution of the Democratic national committee to publish before election the names of those who give more than \$100 to the campaign fund. The policy he will assert, is in direct contrast with the program of Treasurer Sheldon of the Republican national committee.

Parker to Help Bryan.

A dispatch from Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic national committee, in New York, announced today that former Judge Alton B. Parker, who has been chosen as a member of the national advisory committee, "has accepted the appointment and will do anything we ask him."

Governor Johnson of Minnesota has also accepted a place on the advisory committee, the chairman telegraphed. Mr. Mack intends to leave New York State affairs entirely to the State organization. He will make his headquarters in Chicago.

Notice to Gas Consumers.

The pressure in the gas mains will be materially reduced on Sunday, August 2, between 9 and 11 a. m., for the purpose of making connections at the corner of New Jersey avenue and G street n.w. Washington Gas Light Company—Adv.

SULTAN, IN STREET, ASTOUNDS SUBJECTS

Mingles Freely With Crowds
and Hears Comments on
New Regime.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 1.—Sultan Abdul Hamid this evening created the greatest surprise of the long series of startling innovations that he has inaugurated since the granting of the constitution by walking unattended from his palace, the Yildiz Kiosk, and mingling for an hour with the jostling crowds on the streets.

The people were almost paralyzed when they recognized the ruler walking as freely along the streets as the humblest subject of the empire. Before the identity of the ruler became generally known the Sultan found keen enjoyment in listening to the comments of the people on the new Turkish regime.

When it became known that Abdul Hamid was actually walking among them, apparently as care-free as the children about him, the people joined in huzzahs. The action of the Sultan was the most astounding illustration of his determination to rid himself of the close surveillance of police and secret service guards.

SAMUEL E. MOFFATT DIES IN THE SURF

Editor Has Cerebral Hemorrhage
While Bathing—Was Once
Washington Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—Samuel E. Moffatt, editor of Collier's Weekly, died late this afternoon while he was in bathing in the surf at Normandie-by-the-Sea, N. J. His body was recovered. Physicians declared that death resulted from a hemorrhage of the brain.

Moffatt had just arrived at the resort with his wife. Since 1904 he had been connected with Collier's. He was a member of several of well-known New York clubs.

Samuel E. Moffatt was well known in Washington, as his early newspaper career brought him here as the correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner, from 1881 to 1892. During this period he was also employed in editorial work on the San Francisco Post, San Francisco Examiner, and the New York Journal. He left the newspaper field to become editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, later returning to the old field as editorial writer on the New York World. From there he went to Collier's.

GRANTS DIVORCE; CIGARETTES CAUSE

BELLFONTAINE, Ohio, Aug. 1.—"The cigarette habit is sufficient cause for divorce in my court," said Judge John M. Broderick, when a young wife testified that her husband was accustomed to getting up at night to smoke cigarettes.

"It is just as bad as the liquor habit," the court declared. Judge Broderick has been on the bench for two years and none who has sought to have the marriage bonds loosed has been disappointed.

WEDS COLORED GIRL; FEARS FOR HIS JOB

Charles B. Wilson, Employee
of District Government,
the Bridegroom.

COULD NOT WAIT
APPOINTED HOUR

Sends for Colored Preacher and
Ceremony Is Performed—De-
clares He Loves Girl.

With only one of his own race present, and that a newspaper man, Charles B. Wilson, a white employee of the District government, last night married Lillie B. Comfort, colored, at the boarding house of Julia Harrison, also colored, 347 Maryland avenue southwest. Immediately after the ceremony, which was performed at 8 o'clock, the wedding couple left for Virginia, and will return to Washington tomorrow. The Rev. Aquila Sayles, the colored minister, who performed the ceremony, went with the couple as far as the Union station.

At the close of the services Wilson declared that he was glad and proud of his marriage to the woman he loves, and was positive in his statement that he would never regret his move. His wife, a young mulatto girl scarcely more than eighteen years old, evidently reciprocated his sentiment.

Throwing her arms about her husband's neck, she repeated again and again: "Oh, Charlie, I do love you so!" in tones of the most ardent affection.

The legal witnesses to the marriage were Sarah Pittard, colored, a cousin of the bride, and Julia Harrison, colored, the proprietor of the boarding house.

White Residents Indignant.

The announcement of the marriage caused a sensation among the white residents of Maryland avenue, many of whom passed in front of the boarding house loudly expressing their opinions in vigorous language.

Two days ago Wilson appeared at the office of Dr. Sayles, an undertaking establishment, at 342 F street southwest, and requested the latest to officiate at the nuptials. Wilson at that time betrayed no excitement other than an ordinary impulsive eagerness to have the services "through with."

As the time of the wedding drew near, however, he seemed to become restless and nervous. Several times yesterday he remarked half jokingly that "he guessed his friends would be surprised to learn what he'd done" and continually remarked that he "knew men who had lost their jobs by marrying colored women."

Wishes Ceremony Was Over. "I love her, I love her," he murmured as the thought of his impending marriage came over him, "but I do wish this service with all of the attendant publicity and the noise were over."

A reporter called on him in the mid-afternoon in an effort to get him to commit himself regarding the unusualness of his marriage. Wilson turned on him wildly. "Heavens, man," he complained, "can't I marry whom I want without a lot of hubbub and noise and bounding my footstep? Do you desire to make me lose my position?"

And then again, as he turned away he murmured nervously to himself: "More than one man has lost his position for marrying colored girls."

By 8 o'clock the nervous tension under which he had been suffering got the better of him, and calling a cab he drove to the undertaking establishment of Aquila Sayles, where the marriage was originally to be held.

Can Wait No Longer.

"Come at once to my boarding house," he requested of the minister. "I want to get through with this marriage. I don't like this waiting."

Despite the fact that it was fully an hour before the time originally set for the wedding, the preacher complied with Wilson's request and entering the carriage drove with him to 347 Maryland avenue, where Mrs. Harrison was awaiting him.

When the party arrived at the boarding house the bride was not in sight. The parlor was rearranged hastily, the table, which was to serve as the altar, being placed in a corner.

Wilson was plainly and simply dressed in a neatly fitting suit of brown serge, with hat and shoes to match. He looked more like a member of the "idle clubman" society than a hard-working employee of the District.

Hardly had the witnesses and bridegroom arranged themselves in their places before the Comfort girl entered the room, dressed entirely in white, and wearing on her head a small wreath of flowers.

Walking over to where the man stood, half abashed and wildly happy, the girl threw her arm about his neck and kissed him.

Girl Tired of Waiting. "I'm so glad we're to be married soon," she said, "I didn't want to have to wait for anything."

When that portion of the service was reached where the bridegroom in answer to the question, "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" answers "I do," Wilson flushed a bright red to the very ends of his mustache.

Other than that one time he betrayed no nervousness beyond a certain tremor which was noticeable to a greater degree earlier in the afternoon.

The girl was in no way abashed by the marriage in which she was participating. Her answers were calm and collected, delivered in a soft voice.

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PRELATE UNDER KNIFE



THE RT. REV. CHARLES T. BRENT,
Twice Elected Bishop of Washington, Who Is Ill in His Old Boston Rectory.

BLISS AND WOMAN ARRESTED IN AUTO

Rode in Marthinson Machine
(Before Sensational Tar-
ring Incident.)

Driving the Marthinson auto, No. 93, accompanied by a woman of Mrs. Marthinson's description and spinning out Fourteenth street at midnight, Frank Bliss, who was beaten and tarred Wednesday night by Charles Marthinson and two friends at the late husband's home, was arrested for speeding Monday night and forfeited \$5 collateral the next day.

This fact developed last night as side-light No. 1 to the sensational tarring episode at 1317 Kenyon street. Evidently it was Bliss' last ride with the supposed Mrs. Marthinson, for the next day he sought the aid of the same officer who arrested him the night before, declaring that he wanted to get his "things" from 1317 Kenyon street, where he had been occupying a flat underneath the Marthinson apartment. That is side-light No. 2.

Mrs. Marthinson Gone. From the best information obtainable Mrs. Marthinson, whom her husband, in a formal statement following the tarring of Bliss by himself, Henry Cole, and James L. White, avers was "hypnotized" by Bliss, has left Washington until a prying public forgets the most unusual affair ever enacted in a fashionable part of Washington.

That is another development noted with interest. A woman acquaintance who has known the Marthinsons for the last eight years added her testimony to the mystery of the case last night by saying that she had never known "a more estimable couple," and that Mrs. Marthinson was "a perfect lady" and Mr. Marthinson was "a perfect gentleman." The whole affair was characterized as unfortunate.

Bicycle Policeman J. A. Sullivan, of the Tenth precinct, who, with Patrolman McGinniss, was almost run over by a speeding auto at Kenyon and Fourteenth streets at 11:50 o'clock Monday night, halted the man and the woman in the machine. As a result,

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ATTACK NOBODY, CAMPAIGN RULE

Roosevelt, Taft, Bryan, and
All "Isms" Safe
This Year.

By J. C. WELLIVER.

A campaign of caution. That, manifestly, is what is going to be conducted by both party managements this year.

Attack Theodore Roosevelt? Why, he's the only bankable asset of either party this year. The Republicans have him, the Democrats claim they have his policies. There will be no attack on either him or his policies.

Assail Bryan? He's the man whom a lot of people—either a large minority or a small majority, nobody can tell which till the votes are counted—suspects of having invented the Roosevelt policies. There will be no assaults on Bryan.

Criticize Taft? The heir to Rooseveltism and the big stick? The designated successor to all that is associated with the epochal administration of the last seven years? Who would dare!

Populism Will Escape, Too.

Castigate populism? Hasn't populism had its pants creased and learned to feed its alfalfa to Brindle with a fork instead of a knife? Hasn't its program been adopted in large part by Roosevelt, and isn't it now the real bone of contention between the two big parties? No, there will be no violent hostilities toward populism.

Ridicule prohibition? Hasn't prohibition been sweeping over this country like a simoon? Hasn't it dried up most of the Kentucky founts of inspiration? Hasn't it succeeded in inducing its men to wear their hair shorter and its women to wear their longer? Isn't prohibition mighty respectable nowadays? Hasn't the water wagon acquired an attractiveness which justifies consideration? Sure!

No ridicule for prohibition this season.

Denounce Socialism? Not while Karl Marx is selling so well and every other man you meet takes you up an alley under a dark stairway and whispers that he's secretly a good deal of a socialist himself, only—

No, there isn't going to be much attacking, and assailing, and criticising.

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BISHOP BRENT ILL IN BOSTON MISSION

Rushes Across Continent to
Quiet Clergy House
and Surgeon.

MUST REST MONTH
OR MORE IN NORTH

Will Go to Country Today—Secrecy
Being Observed, Evidently at
Prelate's Request.

BOSTON, Aug. 1.—Rushed across the continent from Vancouver, B. C., the Rt. Rev. Charles T. Brent, newly elected Bishop of Washington, arrived at Boston last Thursday to be placed immediately under a surgeon's knife for a serious nasal operation.

Guarded with the utmost secrecy by a few churchmen and laymen who refuse to divulge any information regarding Bishop Brent or his condition, the prelate is in the quiet environment of the Mission House, which adjoins St. Stephen's church on Florence street, where he was at one time rector. He is under the care of trained nurses and specialists.

Even the officials of the Diocesan House, the Episcopalian headquarters of Boston, are in absolute ignorance of the bishop's presence in Boston. They declared emphatically that the prelate would not be in Boston for some days. Their official organ, the Churchman, does not expect him in this city before the latter part of the month by their latest publication.

Must Rest Month at Least.

In spite of this secrecy a correspondent of The Times was able to learn of the operation, and upon good authority that Bishop Brent would be obliged to remain in Boston a month or a month and a half before he is able to undertake any sort of duties.

He will be removed to the residence of one of the parishioners of St. Stephen's tomorrow, where he will be better able to recuperate. The name of his host is kept absolutely secret.

The fact of the great secrecy surrounding the bishop's condition and his record run across the country, is indicative that the patient is far from recovery. The information the Times said that the news of the bishop's condition was being carefully withheld from the newspapers, but for what reason he did not know.

Grew Worse on Journey.

Bishop Brent was ill when he left the Philippines for this country, and it must have been this illness which necessitated the operation. That it did not develop until the bishop was well on his journey is apparent, but the last stages of his journey to Boston were made in great haste, his arrival here being at least two days ahead of his scheduled time.

Since his arrival there is scant information of what has happened other than the fact that he was operated upon immediately.

An automobile brought him from the railroad station to Mission House which is 12 Decatur street and backs up against St. Stephen's Church. Even the name of the specialist who performed the operation could not be learned.

At Welcome House and about Mission House all that was known by the teachers and other officials was that the bishop was in Boston. They did not know that he was ill and the church sexton only knew that there had been an operation, but for what or by whom he could not tell.

Has Few Visitors.

The bishop's visitors are very few. The people in the neighborhood assert that an automobile or two each day is the only excitement at the house.

As it is church holiday time, all of the prominent Episcopalian clergymen were out of town, and those reached by The Times correspondent were not aware of the bishop's visit to Boston. When told of his illness and the operation they were greatly alarmed.

Those who have seen Bishop Brent describe him as being decidedly lacking in color, and apparently extremely weak. It is said that he insisted that he be taken to Boston, and to Mission House for the operation, and absolutely refused to stop at any place along the route.

At Mission House he was greeted upon his arrival by his old friend and co-worker in the Philippines, the Rev. Samuel L. Drury, now rector of St. Stephens, who took entire charge of the proceedings. The operation was performed a few hours after the bishop reached the Mission House, and is reported to have been very successful.

Evidently Wished Silence.

That none of the prominent clergy was notified of the affair is evidence that it was the expressed wish of the bishop that nothing be said about it until he had fully recovered.

It is not strange that Bishop Brent should come to Mission House in his extremity, for it was while he was rector of St. Stephen's Church that he wrote his famous Noble Lectures, which he later delivered at Harvard College, aside from the near presence of his old-time acquaintance.

The Mission House is the official home of St. Stephen's rectors and of the missionaries who conduct the mission work in the south end of Boston. Its location is admirably adapted for a quiet retreat, such as the bishop would want, especially if he did not desire publicity.

It is located in the tenement house section and the neighborhood is mostly occupied by families of foreign birth. When The Times correspondent called the officials in charge of Mission

Major Long's Daughter Elopes; Weds Pennsylvanian in Rockville

The culmination of a pretty romance of one of the belles of Washington's military set and a prominent business man of Dubois, Pa., came in an elopement to Rockville, Md., yesterday afternoon.

James D. Corbett, well known in social and business circles in Dubois, Pa., married to Miss Anna Fitch Long, daughter of Maj. J. W. Long, United States army, retired, who resides at 1506 Seventeenth street northwest.

The couple left Washington in a fast automobile and arrived in Rockville in the afternoon. A license was quickly procured, and they were married by the Rev. Ernest L. Woolf, a Methodist minister. At a late hour last night they had not returned to Washington.

The mother of the bride is absent in Atlantic City, and the first intimation that Major Long received of the mar-

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